

LETTERS FROM DIXON BOYS WITH UNCLE SAM'S ARMY REPLETE, WITH CONFIDENCE AND CONTENT

The following are copies of four letters recently received from Burton Woodworth:

July 27.—Your letter of June 7 and enclosed order arrived tonight and to say that I was pleased is putting it mildly. I walked right over to the "Y," about two kilometers, and bought the said smokes. My "bunkie" and I were on the last sack of "Bull" and sure needed the lift. You see it is nearly three weeks until pay day.

I will tell you a little of how I live now. My bunkie and I built a little dugout of our own, about 10x10x6, and have board floor, two bunks and necessary shelves and books. The ground here is solid chalk and there is a bit of pick and shovel work to a hole like this. We covered it over with elephant iron and then covered that with rocks and dirt and then camouflage the whole.

Around payday we replenish our shelves with canned fruits, chocolate, cakes, etc., which last about a week and then it is the same old routine till the next pay day. We get mighty fine eats here all the time. For instance tonight we had an ordinary meal, and we had steak, fried spuds, coffee with milk and sugar, canned pears and baking powder biscuits and butter. We have pie and doughnuts and cakes at time, and lots of hot cakes for breakfast. I have five blankets and although it is slightly cool here at night, I sleep quite comfortable. Of course this life has its other side, but although fighting the Germans is not play, the hardships are quite offset by the comforts Old Uncle Sam provides. My candle is low and the hour is late, so good night.

Aug. 8.—Neither one of us can say a word. I have not written for a month and your last letter was dated May 12. Of course, it has only been the last week I have had the opportunity to write.

The great drive was some affair and we took a heavy part. Our division advanced farther and took more prisoners and guns and material than any other in the allied drive. We were just below Soissons (name erased by censor but still plainly visible). We saw a great part of northern France to and from S., including a view of Paris when we came through on the train. We travel in side-door Pullmans by rail.

We have a fine place to live now, quite a big room for four of us. Bunks and a center table and electric lights. It is really too good to last long. We were relieved for about a week and we are now on the line again in a quiet sector. The drive was entirely open warfare and we used neither position nor camouflage. I had a 24-hour pass last week and tomorrow I go on a 7-day pass to Aix Les Baines in the Lavoie. We have just had a warning flash which means five minutes until the lights are out. I may get some pictures taken this week.

July 5.—Yesterday was a great day over here for everyone, whether French or Yanks. The 4th has been made a holiday in France now, too. Our infantry started the celebration by going over the top and getting some Boches and a machine gun at about 4 o'clock in the morning. At 10 o'clock the artillery brigade had a horse show up at headquarters. The Sixth got six brigade prizes and

the headquarters company got one of these. Only twelve were given. The show really was a fine thing with plenty of flags, two American and one French band and about a million, more or less, American and French soldiers. I even saw a few English soldiers there. In the afternoon there was a field meet in which the contestants were for the most part French vs. Americans, and the honors were about 50-50. There was a good boxing match and two wrestling bouts, and a bunch of French, dressed up as girls and clowns, drove around the ground on mules and created big laughs.

I am writing this tonight although it may be more than a week before I can mail it as our P. O. has moved. The grand finale of the day was when our batteries sent 8000 pounds of mustard gas over into Germany. OH, BOY! It was sure a great and glorious Fourth!

Aug. 2.—Well, after hiking all about the country and partaking in one of the war's greatest battles, we are at last back in the lines for the first time in seven months. That was some battle we were just in and believe me the division did itself proud. We advanced further and took more prisoners, German artillery, etc., than any other division in the drive. Pretty good, eh? We were nearly on the west end of the drive ourselves. Believe me, we have seen some of France in the last month. I wish I might send you a movie of it all. We went through Paris about noon. Had a band concert last night and have a movie to-night. The mail is coming through fine now, so expect more letters soon.

From Clarence McPherson.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McPherson have received two letters from their son Clarence, who is with Supply Co., 58th Inf., in France, in which he says he is well pleased with the army life and says he is receiving the best of food and care.

From Capt. Dayton.
Capt. Edward Dayton, formerly of Dixon, now commanding Co. B, 107th Ammunition Train, A. E. F., in a letter received this morning asks to be remembered to all his friends here.

FROM JACOB SNYDER.
Somewhere in France
Aug. 9th, 1918.

Dear Dad and Mother:—This is the first time I have had time to write to you. It took 21 days to reach me. I am well and hope you are. We got across fine, never saw a thing in the way. There was a boat following us which was sunk.

I have seen sights since I have been away from home. The people over here have curious ways of living. There is an old church here that was built in 1345. It is a sight to go through, not anything like our churches at home.

Coming over I got seasick. It was a fine trip over the sea. I have seen four or five different countries since I left the States. I would like to tell you all about them but you know how it is.

You said they captured 275 Germans. Well, that isn't many. They have them shut in from all four sides and locking them up. We are going straight through when the 89th division gets there. I can whip any two of them, just let me get near. The war won't last much longer and we will all be home soon.

Must tell you of the experience I had yesterday. I was sent out with one of the officers to operate a telephone about two miles beyond our guns. We left before dark and got there O. K. Everything went fine until the next morning they started to shell the wood that we were in. The only shelter we could find was a large boulder so we made for it, just in the nick of time because there was a shell dropped just twenty paces from the telephone. Pretty lucky, I should say. And they shelled all day long. We finally succeeded in our work and returned to camp without a scratch. But that is nothing when you get used to it. They are putting shells over us now, but

we all have dugouts and are pretty safe. Dad, you have no idea what this thing is. Wish I could tell you all I have seen and where I have been. It would surprise you.

It has rained here a lot, in fact nearly all the time, but has been nice and warm the last two days. We hiked eighteen miles in mud and rain to get where we are now. The country here is sloping and is a fine place for us.

How is mother? Is she still working? Tell her not to do it. I am G. K.

And tell grand-dad that I will bring him back a Dutchman's helmet. There are lots of them lying around. They sure don't stop for anything when they are retreating through here. You can pick up German guns and all kinds of things that they left behind.

Harry Hogan's regiment is around here some place. I am going to try and find him. I hope nothing has happened to him.

You have got to hand it to the infantry. They are doing great work and are a brave bunch of boys so far.

Well, Dad, will have to cut this. Don't worry about me if you don't hear from me for it is hard to get mail out of here. I don't expect any mail for a long time.

Love to mother and grand-dad and keep the good work up over there. Hope you are all well. Good bye.

Son Jake.
J. A. Snyder, 13th F. A., Bat. B.,
A. E. F.

July 24, 1918.

Dear Mother:—I received your letter. It took 21 days to reach me. I am well and hope you are. We got across fine, never saw a thing in the way. There was a boat following us which was sunk.

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The band is playing "The Star Spangled Banner" now.

I am going on a 12-mile hike tomorrow. We drill eight hours a day. We have gas mask drilling. I am strong now. We climb a big hill about four blocks long, twice a day. It is almost straight up and you get warm.

I am in a Y. M. C. A. writing this letter. Can't think of much to write. Only two or three hundred here. Tell the boys I am well and wish them good luck. Will close for this time and write again soon. Good bye and good luck.

From your son,

HAROLD BOSLEY.

STERLING MAN COMMISSIONED.
Frank L. Conlon of Sterling, Ill., has been commissioned a second lieutenant in ordnance in the U. S. Army.

HAS APPENDICITIS.
Floyd Osbaugh, who is confined to his bed with a severe attack of appendicitis, is slowly improving.

Mrs. P. L. Fitzsimmons. of Walton, was here Tuesday shopping.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithium, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink; and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

LECTURER WRITES A NEW MARCHING SONG

REV. CHARLES ALDEN, WELL KNOWN HERE, HAS SETTING FOR OLD MELODY.

Some think that the old war songs are better than anything that has been written recently. Do you want words that can be sung to the old tunes? The Aurora Beacon News has just published a modern version of "Marching Through Georgia." It is a paraphrase, written by Charles A. Alden, the pastor of The People's Church, of that city, who is now delivering a series of Wednesday evening lectures in The People's church here. The words of the old song are used just as far as possible.

Bring the good old bugle boys! we'll have another song—Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—

Sing it with the Hun shall hear it, full five million strong. While we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We go to Germany! Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes men free!

So we'll sing the chorus from Berlin to Hungary,

While we are marching to victory.

How the Belgians shouted when they heard that joyful sound!

How the English hustled till our transports had been found!

How the French fought gallantly to hold that sacred ground!

While we are marching to victory.

Then there were Italians, too, who wept with joyful tears,

When they saw the Stars and Stripes the welkin rung with cheers;

While Serbia and Roumania bade farewell to their fears,

While we are marching to victory.

Then there were Frenchmen, too, who wept with joyful tears,

When they saw the Stars and Stripes the welkin rung with cheers;

While Serbia and Roumania bade farewell to their fears,

While we are marching to victory.

"Wilson's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the field."

So the saucy Germans said, while Bill to Gott appealed.

But there we are and now they know that they'll be forced to yield,

While we are marching to victory.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train. With ships and tanks and airplanes, from Berlin to the main; Treason fled before us for resistance was in vain, While we are marching to victory.

With our boys come back again, as victors o'er the sea. The patriots will welcome them and all be worry-free,

Except the folks who didn't help our boys lick Germany.

While we were marching to victory.

Mr. Alden will deliver the second lecture of his September series at the People's church in this city on Wednesday evening of this week. He will speak on the subject: "Pillars of Democracy." The public will be welcome. No admission will be charged, but a collection will be taken toward defraying expenses.

FULTON YOUTH LISTED AS SEVERELY INJURED

(Continued from page one.)

MARINE CORPS CASUALTIES.

Killed in action 8

Died of wounds 5

Died of disease 1

Wounded severely 4

Wounded, degree undetermined 5

Wounded slightly 1

Total 24

ILLINOIS CASUALTIES.

Killed in Action.

Corp. Frank Sockel, Chicago.

Pvt. Henry Penney, Danville.

Died of Wounds.

Pvt. Herbert J. Binckley, Chicago.

Wounded Severely.

Pvt. Samuel M. Burns, Alledo.

MORNING REPORT.

Killed in action 88

Missing in action 54

Wounded severely 118

Died of wounds 36

Died from accident 1

Died of disease 5

Wounded, degree undetermined 20

Total 322

ILLINOIS CASUALTIES.

Killed in Action.

JUST KIDS—Chargin' Things



185 INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO.

ATTENDED UNCLE'S FUNERAL.

Mr. and Mrs. George Slothower returned this morning from Peoria, Ill., where they were called by the death of the former's uncle, Henry Slothower, whose funeral was held yesterday.

IN CHICAGO LABORATORY.

Dr. R. L. Baird will go to Chicago tomorrow morning to conduct some laboratory work. He will return to-morrow evening.

TO COUSIN'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. E. C. Lumden has gone to Garden Prairie to attend the funeral of a cousin, Franz Tripp.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

SOCIETY

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday

St. Margaret's Guild, St. Luke's church.

Lincoln Red Cross, Mrs. Ray McCune.

North Galena Ave. Red Cross, Mrs. Joseph Coveart, 850 N. Galena ave.

Prairieville Social Circle, Mrs. R. H. Belcher, Gap Grove.

Palmyra Mutual Aid, Mrs. Charles Mensen.

"Boxer" Affair of the W. H. M. S. of M. E. church, Mrs. A. C. Warner.

Baptist Missionary, Miss Anna Pratt.

Christian Aid all day meeting, Mrs. Walter Trautman.

Thursday

Unity Guild, People's church parlors.

Inter Nos Circle, Mrs. Curtis Rice, E. R. B. Class meeting, St. Paul's Lutheran church.

Cly Aliy club, Mrs. Ralph Zarger.

W. R. C. Sewing Bee, Mrs. J. H. Anderson, Lincoln Way.

St. Paul's Missionary Society, Mrs. Norman Long.

St. James Missionary All Day Meeting, Mrs. A. J. Blaine.

Friday

Section 5, M. E. Aid, Miss Jennie Laing, E. Everett street.

St. Agnes Guild, Miss Franc Ingra-Candlelighters' Aid Kitchen Show, Mrs. Frank Mahanah, 309 Lincoln Way.

St. Ann's Guild, Guild rooms.

Motoring Trip

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Travis have returned from a motoring trip in both the East and the West, covering 8,000 miles. They are now living on Route 4, Dixon.

To Michael Reese Hospital

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pitcher and daughter, Miss Kathryn Joseph, went to Chicago Tuesday. The latter has entered the Michael Reese hospital to take the nurse's training course.

Visited in South Dakota

Miss Bernice Wilhelm has returned from a vacation visit in South Dakota.

Entertain at Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Arnold of Hennepin avenue, entertained with a dinner Tuesday, Frank Gorham of this city and John McMinnim of Chicago, both young men being on the U. S. S. Vermont and home on a furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold's son is also in the navy and for a while was assigned on the battleship Vermont, but is now stationed at the Canal Zone.

Royal Neighbors' Meeting

The Royal Neighbors will hold their regular business meeting tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock at Miller hall. All the members are urged to be present. Those having dishes lost at the R. N. A. picnic, can have them by calling at the hall.

Returned to Rock Island

Mr. and Mrs. Orville McCleary have returned to their home in Rock Island after spending several days at the home of Mrs. McCleary's father, E. H. Webster, Highland avenue.

PLATE DINNER at the Saratoga Restaurant for 30c. 208-15

WANTED--REPORTER

H. U. BAILEY

PRINCETON REPUBLICAN
Princeton, III.

Frail Girls
—the pale, timid
sori—are short in
vitality. Proper
glasses and suit-
able food are
wonder workers
for such.

Dr. W. F. Aydelotte
Neurologist and Health Instructor
223 Crawford Ave., Dixon, Illinois.
Phone 169 for Appointments

NOTICE

Although everything connected with my business has advanced, my prices remain the same:

Plain shampoo, 50c; with hot oil or witch hazel, .75c. Curling and dressing 10c to 25c extra.

Hair dressing, .25c to 50c. Manicuring, .50c. Facial massage, \$1.00 per hour. Facial massage, per half hour, .50c.

Switches made from combings, per ounce, .50c.

FLORENCE E. DUSTMAN
Beauty Shop

Christian Aid.
The Aid Society of the Christian church met today at the home of Mrs. Walter Trautman of Highland avenue. A scramble dinner was served at noon. An informal program was given during the afternoon.

For Mrs. Bryan

Mrs. Kate Morrill and Mrs. Frank Downing are entertaining tomorrow afternoon for Mrs. Gould Bryan of McAllister, Okla. The afternoon will be spent in Red Cross knitting.

W. R. C. Sewing Bee

Members of the Woman's Relief Corps are again reminded of the war work meeting to be held all day tomorrow at the home of Mrs. J. H. Anderson, Lincoln Way, when quilts are to be pieced for the convalescent soldier boys. A scramble luncheon will be enjoyed at noon.

M. E. Aid, Section 5

Section 5 of the M. E. Ladies' Aid will meet with Miss Jennie Laing, E. Everett street, Friday, at 2:30 p.m. Every member of the section is asked to attend.

Visited Camp Taylor

Miss Helen Bacharach has returned from a visit at Camp Taylor, Ky.

To Entertain Co. F

The members of Mooseheart Legion and of the Loyal Order of Moose will entertain Company F on Thursday evening at Moose hall, according to plans perfected last evening at the meeting of the Women of Mooseheart Legion in Moose hall. The legionaries have also planned to give a benefit at the Family theater soon, the proceeds to be sent to Moose headquarters in France for the benefit of the wounded soldiers.

Class Gave Farewell

Between fifteen and twenty members of Mrs. Klepinger's class of the Methodist Sunday school spent a very enjoyable evening Tuesday at the home of Miss Frances Dauntler. The affair was a scramble supper, followed by a business session of the class and a social hour and was given as a farewell party for Miss Irma Slauer, who leaves soon for York, Pa., and for Miss Floy Barcus, who is soon returning to her home at Martin's Ferry, Ohio. Both Miss Slauer and Miss Barcus were presented with a hand-painted plate as a remembrance, Miss Edith Klepinger making the presentation. Officers were chosen by the class for the ensuing year. Miss Edith Klepinger was made president, Miss Emma Mathias vice president, and Miss Frances Dauntler secretary-treasurer.

War Mothers Met

Fifty "War Mothers" met in their bi-weekly council meeting yesterday afternoon at G. A. R. hall. In the absence of the president and vice president, Mrs. Tryon Rosbrook, the press correspondent, presided. Letters were read from various soldier boys to their mothers.

The "War Mothers" regret greatly the seeming lack of interest in the relatives of soldiers in the county in not getting the name and data of these soldiers put in the record book kept by the War Mothers' Council.

The book contains but one hundred and fifty names, while Lee county has sent forth ten times that number of soldiers. Perhaps such a record does not seem so important just now, but when the war is over and years later it will be of inestimable value. The War Mothers Council very much desire to forward the record to Springfield as a matter of state history as well as county history, so let every relative attend to this duty of sending in the names of soldier kin.

The Lee county service flag, dedicated at the Rock River Assembly in August, will be hung in the court house, where all county people may view with pride the emblem of Lee county's offering for the world's saving.

The next meeting will be held on Monday, September 23, instead of on Tuesday, as on the 24th the Woman's Relief Corps will have its annual inspection.

To Washington

Mrs. Bradford Brinton left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., to join her husband, Major Brinton.

For Company F

The Moose club announces a dance for tomorrow evening at which the Women of Mooseheart Legion and the members of the Loyal Order of Moose will entertain the members of Company F. All are cordially invited to attend and to assist in making the evening a pleasant one for the Home Guard.

Red Cross Auction

O-y! O-y! O-y! The town crier is out, proclaiming the auction for Saturday evening to be held on the street in front of the War Work Market of the Red Cross. The street about the market on Galena avenue promises to be thronged, too, for such enticing articles are to be sold at this auction—a clever little western burro, which every little boy and girl in Lee county will long to ride or drive when they see it, and a thoroughbred Duroc-Jersey pig, a most valuable animal, as farmers well know and for which a good round sum, sometimes mounting up into the thousands must be paid. Some farmer will get a bargain with this pig, or perhaps some boy or girl member of the Pig Club may be lucky enough to secure it.

Of course the object of the auction is to make money for the Red Cross comfort kit fund and as is customary throughout the country, it is anticipated that purchasers return the pig and the burro for sale again and again until a very large sum of money for the Red Cross is obtained. The pig is the gift of Mrs. Stana Burkhardt Garrison and the burro of the Misses Marjorie Greer and Irma Stevens, two young girls.

The market, 108 Galena avenue, in the building formerly occupied by the L. E. Edwards book store, will be open Friday afternoon and all day Saturday. It is hoped that those bringing donations will bring them Friday afternoon or early Saturday morning in order that those in charge may arrange them to obtain the most pleasing effect.

The fund secured will be used by the Red Cross not only in buying the material and articles for the comfort

To Milliken University

Miss Grace Tibball will leave the first of next week for Decatur, where she will attend the Milliken university.

Grace Missionary

A very pleasant meeting of the Grace church Missionary Society was held yesterday at the home of Mrs. Herman Hughes, in the country. A number of automobiles were requisitioned and thirty members and fifteen guests were carried to the pleasant Hughes home, where in the morning the ladies knitted and at noon served a most sumptuous scramble dinner. Mrs. Hughes had added to the dinner chicken, biscuits and mashed potatoes. The dinner was certainly one that would please the taste of the greatest epicure.

Little Miss Marion Duffy, the pastor's daughter, was a delighted little girl when at the noon tide meal, a birthday cake appeared on the table in honor of her fourth birthday. She happily shared the cake with all

EYES EXAMINED WITHOUT DRUGS

DR. McGRAHAM

Optometrist and Optician

Telephone 282

ALL INVITED

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH OVERHEARS BRIAN TELL MOLLIE KING THINGS WHICH ANNOY HER.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

If Ruth thought of Mollie King during the short time they spent going from their home to that of Mrs. Curtis, Brian was also busily engaged.

He wondered if Ruth expected him to buy \$200 dresses when she married him? If she expected to keep right on doing the same things and wearing the same clothes she had been in the habit of doing and wearing, when she lived with her wealthy aunt? She would find she "had another think coming." Then for the first time he, too, wondered if he had made a mistake. If he would better have married a girl like Mollie, one who had not been accustomed to luxuries, and who would be satisfied with what he could do for her.

Mrs. Curtis welcomed them warmly. Scarcely had Ruth laid aside her wraps before Mollie and a young man appeared. He was the sort of man Mollie affected, and Ruth had never known.

"Why didn't he get his hair cut?" Ruth wondered when they were introduced; that it was part of a pose she had no way of knowing, as men of Claude Beckley's character, rather than his kind, were unknown to her.

He was an artist, Mrs. Curtis had explained. And he, like Mollie King, lived in that delightful place known as "The Village," where most of the artists and writers congregated, and she added:

"Your husband used to spend most of his time down there, as I know you are aware. A charming place. I just love to go down there and dine. Altho Mr. Curtis says it's not dining—that it's just eating. But he always will have his joke."

Ruth had been furtively watching Claude Beckley while Mrs. Curtis talked. She concluded she didn't like him. His manners were too free and easy, and he didn't look well-clean. His tie was greasy, and he was in such contrast to the few men she knew—Brian, Mr. Mandel, and those she had met in her new business relation—that she felt unconsciously conscious of it when she tried to talk to him.

Mollie King was in a gay mood, and altho her dress was just a cheap voile, costing perhaps ten dollars, Ruth had to admit she looked very sweet; and that she was really well groomed, if her escort was not. But then she recalled that Mrs. Curtis had told her that Mollie was different; that she liked her better than any of the Bohemian class to which she was such a stranger.

After dinner they were to dance. "Just six of us, and a Victoria," Mrs. Curtis had laughingly remarked. Of course Brian would dance first with her, Ruth thought. But Brian immediately commenced to dance with Mollie, and Ruth accepted the arm of her host.

(Tomorrow—Ruth explains that Brian has not yet bought clothes for her.)

kits, but to assist any soldier's family in the county during the winter, that may have need of help.

Remember that assistance in the work of the Red Cross should be the duty and pleasure of all. It is no real sacrifice to give of our material goods for the benefit of our boys over there, who are making the real sacrifice. We, who are left, know little of sacrifice, save those who have given of their sons, their husbands or their brothers to do battle on the other side.

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MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION.

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All right of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

FARMERS! SELECT SEED CORN NOW!

Beat the frost to the seed corn, is the call of the Food Production and Conservation Committee of the State Council of Defense that will be repeated by the distribution of 250,000 circulars throughout Illinois this week, and every week until frost.

This call to the farmers to select seed corn early, select plenty of it and store it properly, is headed "The Lesson of 1917." It is an attempt to prevent the repetition of last year's seed corn shortage when early frosts nearly wiped out the seed corn supply of the whole state.

The State Council of Defense announces these seed corn weeks for the state:

Northern district, September 15 to 22.

Central district, September 20 to 27.

Southern district, September 25 to October 2.

During these weeks, the State Council urges its representatives to use all efforts to induce the farmers to select a seed corn supply for two years and store it properly.

The Food Production and Conservation Committee has issued the following instructions for the selection and storage of seed corn:

1. Ears of medium size only should be chosen.
2. The grains should be well dented; corn will make satisfactory seed as soon as the grains are well dented.
3. The ears should be of good shape, but early maturity must not be sacrificed for fancy points.
4. Ears should be chosen which hang down, because they shed water.
5. The shank should be of medium length and diameter.
6. There should be two good stalks in the hill from which a seed ear is taken.

As soon as the seed corn is picked, it should be husked and placed so that air can circulate freely around every ear. Never pile it on the floor, even over night, as it will heat or mould, in a very short time.

Nothing should take precedence over the selection of seed corn during Seed Corn Week.

THE GREAT KNITTER.

"I am convinced," said President Wilson, "that not a hundred years of peace could have knitted this nation together as this single year of war has knitted it together; and better even than that, if possible, it is knitting the world together."

He speaks of the inspiring spectacle of twenty-three allied nations, representing the greater part of the world's population, being drawn together with a new sense of common interest, a new community of purpose, a new perception of the unity of human life.

It is a self-evident fact that the more enlightened nations are drawing closer together than ever before. And, this process is, naturally enough, most effective and impressive where they mingle on the battle front.

Dispatches from France speak significantly of the fine comradeship that is springing up between our troops and those of our allies. For the first time in our national history, large numbers of Americans of all classes are really becoming acquainted with the French people and the British people. And to know each other means to become friends. The French and British have already formed their friendship. The Italians, the Belgians, the Portuguese and other allies come easily and readily into the new international understanding.

The extension of our own acquaintance and friendship is greatly hastened by the brigading of our troops with French and British units. It soon makes all the men one in spirit as in organization, and through them it reaches the people back home.

There's no doubt about it—the war is the Great Knitter. Mars, with his red needles, is knitting human unity. Doesn't all this emphasize the supreme folly of those people here at home who refuse to become one in thought and purpose with their loyal neighbors?

WOMEN CALLED TO CONFERENCE.

Women in Industry will be the subject of discussion at a conference to be held in Chicago on Friday and Saturday, September 13 and 14, at Hull House. The call to the conference has been sent out to all chairmen and representatives of departments of Women in Industry of the Woman's Committee of the State Council of National Defense in the middle west.

The object of the conference will be to discuss the most intelligent ways of meeting the call for women to enter the industrial world, and to prepare them for the changed conditions already taking place there. Illinois women are especially urged to respond to this call to the conference, as the best kind of team work is required, and this state must do its part.

Miss Agnes Nestor, chairman of the department of Women in Industry of the Council of National Defense, has sent out the call, and Mrs. Raymond Robins, chairman, and Mrs. W. S. Hefferan, acting chairman of the Illinois branch of the department, will be in charge of the conference. A program dealing with conditions of women in industry in the middle west is to be adopted at the conference.

DIXON HIGH SCHOOL

(By R. E. S.)

Well, school has been going on for a week now, and I was waiting for something terribly exciting to happen so that there would be some news, but seeing that there wasn't anything more exciting happen than Doris Winters chewing three sticks of gum at a time, I decided that I would write a few items.

Frolickers' Dance.

There was a Frolickers' dance last Friday night, and a goodly time was had. It was the first of the coming season's dances by the club.

It is expected that a large number of boys will take military training this winter.

Notice.

The girls' artistic dancing class will be under the able leadership of Madam Mosle Winters and Carpenter. These fair butterflies of the toe dancing species will endeavor to give their classes an undying effort to promote a dancing hobby. Miss Carpenter has a pair of dancing pumps with which she expects to make herself famous. These pumps may be rented by the hour. All kinds of dancing will be taught, from the ancient dancing of the River Nile to the present day clog dances. Persons with extra large feet cannot procure the usual guarantee for dancing.

The high school assembly room has been redecorated. A tin ceiling has been substituted for the plaster.

Tuesday morning the pupils in the assembly room were treated to a rare treat, when Clarence Vaille, the little grocer boy, was seen with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking through the halls.

Co. F Dacne.

Co. F will give another dancing party Friday evening at the Armory over the Nettz garage. There are a great many high school boys in the company and a large number of student attend these dances.

Football.

The Dixon high school football team will soon get into shape. A committee is looking over suitable grounds for a playing field. It is thought that the field will be in Assembly park.

Will Resign.

Clarence Vaille, grocer's apprentice, will sever connections and resign his position with the Pratt-Reid grocery to enter Dixon high school. It will be his senior year. Clarence is now eighteen years old and has lived in Dixon all his happy days. Clarence thinks he will register for the draft Thursday, but is not sure. I will give you a semi-vivid description of Clarence, so that you will know him when he enters the building: He wears a bright checkered tailor-made suit, with a low crown derby hat. Low tan shoes with white spats, polka-dotted with black. He can neither talk with his mouth nor hear, so by this description watch for him.

Seniors Happy.

The seniors were given back their seats in rear of the assembly room Tuesday morning. The entire seating arrangement had to be changed. The frosh are back where they belong, and everyone is happy and want to thank Mr. Smith for his trouble for rearranging the seating chart.

POPULAR PROVERBS IN CHINA

Many Sayings There Remarkably Like Those That Are Common in the West.

Some of the Chinese proverbs resemble ours, such as "Too many cooks spoil the dog" and "A man must beat his own drum and paddle his own canoe." But it is not necessary to assume that by any process they were copied from English proverbs. Similar sayings arise in different countries largely because the human mind works everywhere in the same way and has much the same material to work on. Of proverbs that are distinctly Chinese the following may be taken as samples: "Heaven is away up in the sky, but Soochow and Hangchow are here below;" "Change your old nature or you will be up a tree;" "When you are very angry do not go to law, and when you are very hungry do not make verses;" "An avaricious heart is like a snake trying to swallow an elephant;" "A boat straightens when it gets to a bridge;" "A deaf priest can hear a hen crow;" "After a typhoon there are pears to gather;" "A good drum does not need a heavy stick;" "When young do not go to Canton;" "No needle has a point at both ends;" "A big chicken does not eat small rice;" "The load does not carry the ass;" "A stone lion does not fear the rain;" "A crazy man hopes the heavens will fall, but a poor man hopes for a riot."

He Hoped Not.

Edwin R. Hisey, the undertaker, and C. L. Dietz, the broker, are brother Rotarians. One stormy day recently Hisey, while returning from Crown Hill with his motor hearse, saw Dietz standing on a corner way up Meridian street. Hisey stopped the hearse and shouted to Dietz: "Going down, Lew?" Dietz stared at his hospitable friend and replied: "I—I—I hope not!"—Indianapolis News.

ABE MARTIN



Those who have seen Steve Moots' second wife say she kin be repainted look all right. When a family sit down to cantaloupe th' members all ask at once, "Is yourn good?"

CITY IN BRIEF

WANTED—

Reporter; steady employment. H. U. Bailey, Princeton, Ill. 13
Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Wm. Graves and Miss Phyllis, of Amboy, were among Tuesday's traders.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Landau and son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht of Lee Center, were in Dixon yesterday, trading.

Mrs. Ezra Miller of Freeport visited in Dixon Monday.

R. Klein of Ashton was a Dixon visitor last evening.

Capt. Sherman of the Volunteers of America, has been spending a few days in Dixon in the interests of the organization. He was cordially received, as he always is by Dixon people and his collections were much in excess of former visits. The Volunteers are doing a great work.

Miss M. M. Winter spent the day yesterday in Chicago in the interests of her millinery shop.

Robert Knox has returned from Chicago where he attended the War Exposition.

G. W. Thompson, supervisor of Wyoming township, and, Ives Miller and David McLaughlin were here today from Paw Paw to get election supplies. Mr. Thompson has been a subscriber to The Telegraph for fifty years.

HULL INJURED AT WIRE PLANT

George Hull, an employee of the Wire Screen, in some manner got caught in the machinery Tuesday and was badly bruised about the head and face. He sustained a bad scalp wound. He was given medical treatment.



For Creamy Cream

When you want real creamy ice cream, the thick, rich, kind that enhances the flavor used, try Borden's Eagle Brand. It gives ice cream a mellow "cream and sugar" taste that is distinctly new, different and delightful.

Let us send you our "Recipe Book."

For over sixty years Borden's Eagle Brand has been the standard infant food. It's safe, pure and nourishing.

At all better drug and grocery stores.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., 108 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK

Borden's
EAGLE
BRAND
Be sure the Eagle is on the label

DR. E. L. HOUSE HELD AS GREAT LECTURER

Man Who Will Speak In Series of Lectures In Dixon Praised

HERE NEXT SUNDAY

The series of lectures by Dr. E. L. House on "The Psychology of Health," mark an epoch in religious circles. Dr. House discusses the problem of health in its relation to the mind in such a clear and fair manner that whether one has studied psychology or not one knows the lecturer is speaking the truth because each one has experienced over and over in his own heart and mind.

Dr. House holds that all the "healers" practise by the method of "suggestion."

Where the mind is acted upon by some mind outside its own through the subconscious part of the mind. Self healing may be practised by "auto-suggestion" which is the process of the conscious mind making healthy suggestion to the subconscious mind. Dr. House makes a distinct contribution to the subject of his doctrine of the super-conscious mind—one part of the triune mind in every man. This is the mind of spiritual communication. Dr. House is thoroughly orthodox in his theology, scientific in his psychology and at all times Christian in his speech and fervor.

Dr. House will begin his series of lectures in Dixon at a union meeting at the Presbyterian church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

MRS. ELIZA JOHNSON DIED TUESDAY NIGHT

PASSED AWAY AT DIXON HOSPITAL AFTER ILLNESS OF TWO MONTHS

Mrs. Ella Walker Johnson passed away at the Dixon hospital at 10:30 o'clock last evening after an illness of about two months.

Eliza Walker was born in England Feb. 27, 1851. She came to America with her widowed mother when about seven years of age, and settled in Pine Creek, Ogle county, Illinois.

In 1862 the family moved to Montgomery county, N. Y.

George Cutshaw, 2nd baseman, Tom Bigbee, outfielder, of the Pitts-

Eliza Walker was married to Jo-burg Nationals, and their wives, fine trip.

RANGE PROUD



You, too, will take your friends to the kitchen when you get a Copper-Clad Range. You can't help but be proud of it.

The Copper-Clad is as pretty as a picture, and as fine a piece of furniture as ever entered your house. You will be just as proud of its heat-holding and cooking qualities as you are of its appearance.

Lined with pure sheet copper where other ranges rust out, the Copper-Clad lasts years and years longer than any other range. Of course, you will be proud, and you have a right to be, because the Copper-Clad is The World's Greatest Range.

W. H. WARE

PHONE 171

TROOPSHIP TORPEDOED

(Continued from Page 1)

seph B. Johnson, Feb. 20, 1884. They made their home near Broad Albin, N. Y., until Oct. 1899, when they moved to Grand Detour, Ill., where she lived the remainder of her life.

The husband departed this life May 4, 1903, and since that time Mrs. Johnson has lived a quiet but gay life in her little home in Grand Detour. She was very active in Red Cross work during last winter, sewing and knitting for our soldiers.

She was a member of the Presbyterian church nearly all her life. She was of a kindly disposition and leaves many friends where she was known. She leaves no known relatives. She died Sept. 10, 1918, at the Dixon hospital, after an illness of about two months' duration.

The funeral will be held Friday at 10 a.m., at the home of her brother-in-law, C. W. Johnson, 621 North Crawford avenue, with burial at Pollo. Rev. W. W. Moore, pastor of the Christian church, will preach the sermon. Clinton Fahrney and Miss Mabel Rodesch will furnish music.

Ball players pass thru city

George Cutshaw, 2nd baseman, Tom Bigbee, outfielder, of the Pitts-

Eliza Walker was married to Jo-burg Nationals, and their wives, fine trip.

passed through Dixon last evening on their way to the Pacific coast. They are traveling overland and camp out nights.

While here they called on their friend, Ward Miller. They told Mr. Miller that they are enjoying a

FREE TUITION FREE BOARD \$30 MONTHLY

—All this is furnished young men of 18 years or over possessing High School education or its equivalent, who will go to school this Fall and enroll in THE STUDENT ARMY TRAINING CORPS at the

MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

Decatur, Illinois

Millikin has been designated by the War Department for this service. And rightly so, because Millikin is one of the best equipped colleges of its class; it has a strong faculty and offers a large variety

GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ITS KIND IN HISTORY OF WORLD

Associated Press Correspondent Tells of Landing of America's Great Army In the United States Expeditionary Forces' Port in France :: :: ::

American Supply Headquarters, from the time they arrived, covered Tours, France.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—Two car loads of hair brushes abandoned by American soldiers in camps were among the wreckage of battle brought today to the great salvage depot of the American army here. This was only one little item in the grist of debris and litter from the fighting zone which has been carefully gathered up and sent here for restoration.

Five thousand persons are employed in renovating and repairing this wreckage. The material thus saved and restored to use or sold amounted in value last month to \$2,500,000.

In the big battle around Chateaudriay, as our fighting men went over the top they were followed closely by detachments of non-combatant troops to grope amid the wreckage and debris and save it from complete abandonment and loss. Each detachment comprised 29 enlisted men and an officer. They had trucks and derricks and all the paraphernalia for gathering broken-down cannon, rifles, cartridge belts, helmets, clothing, and the vast stores of abandoned arms and material left in the track of a contest, and to send it back to the salvage depot here.

Strange things have come out of this war, but none stranger than this gigantic salvage plant where everything from crippled guns and cannon to old army shoes and caps is saved from total loss and turned back to some useful end at the front. At first people looked at it as a freak. There was nothing like it in the Civil war or the more recent modern wars. It started on a small scale with 200 hands.

But now, after a few months, it is a monster industry with huge buildings and towering stacks. It will save the government \$35,000,000 the first year, and it may reach \$50,000,000. This is no freak; it is cold, hard saving of millions of dollars, at a time when material is scarce and shipping difficult. It is the anti-waste campaign brought to its highest developments by a huge government undertaking.

Going over the plant today there was an opportunity to see the remarkable details of this salvage. The wreckage of the battlefield is the only one of the sources of this salvage, explained our escort, but it is the greatest source. As men spring into action, they throw aside everything not absolutely essential. There is besides the litter of the actual fighting, broken and abandoned goods of every conceivable nature.

It is not only what is left by our own troops, but what is left by the enemy, often great stocks of arms, ammunition, bayonets and every kind of fighting material.

Even when there is no battle, the mere shift of division of troops leaves an enormous stock of abandoned goods. Moved on short orders, the men pick up a few fighting essentials—guns, blankets, emergency rations—and leave the rest behind, books, extra clothes, shoes, etc. The men arrive from America with an undue amount of clothing; it is trimmed down at the first training camp; again it is trimmed down as they go to the front, and each trimming of thousands of men means another huge stock for salvage.

In the main building, a quarter of a mile long, there was the roar of a vast and diversified industry, with over 4,000 women workers and a thousand men, with long batteries of sewing machines, shoe machines, rubber and harness machines such as one sees in the great factory districts; with the same huge installation of engines, boilers, disinfecting plants, laundries; and the whirr of big metal machines for making over the many branches of ordnance.

Hundreds of women were sorting the uniforms and underclothing just come from the salvage process. There were some 200,000 blouses, on these towering shelves, and as many more of all the other articles of soldier wear. They were in bundles, looking very fresh and clean, quite like the stock of a well-equipped clothing establishment. The women were arranging the garments in three classes:

Class A—Garments in good order, practically the same as new, to be sent back to the front as part of the supply for fighting troops.

Class B—Garments partly worn out but fully repaired, to be sent to the base ports on the coast, for labor troops and stevedores.

Class C—Garments much worn but in a fair state of preservation, to be sent to prison camps for German prisoners.

This was significant of what the German prisoners were getting; not the best, to be sure, and not the same goods as our own men, but worn goods in a fair state of preservation. It seemed to be an answer to the outcry that the German prisoners were getting the same as our men.

One could follow the stages of the huge stacks of hob-nail army shoes

GEN. CROWDER ASKS EMPLOYERS OF LABOR TO AID THE NATION

(Continued from page one.)

Registrants were urged by Gen. Crowder to file claims for deferred classification on both industrial and dependency grounds if they feel the conditions warrant such double claims. For instance, Gen. Crowder said, a registrant with dependents should not rest his claim for deferred classification on grounds of dependency alone if it should happen that he is employed in an essential industry.

"Mistaken Chivalry" Warning.

Gen. Crowder urged not only the registrant himself should present his claims for deferment in the questionnaire and not be dissuaded by "mistaken chivalry," but that employers of labor should make it their business to see that claims for deferred classification are made in behalf of men in their employ whose labor is essential.

The employer of labor is advised to take up the question of deferred classification requests for employees with the labor member of the draft advisory board, the farm employer with the agricultural member, and the banker, business man, or professional man with the member of the advisory board representing the business field.

Classification of the 19 to 36 men will be completed within a month and a half, Gen. Crowder estimates. The first questionnaires will be sent out next week and classification will begin at once.

October Call for 155,000.

The war department will issue a call for 155,000 men in its first October draft summons. Only a few thousands of men of the earlier drafts will be available to fill this call, so that considerably more than 100,000 men of the 13,000,000 that register Thursday will be in uniform and in camp before the close of next month.

No men of the 18 year old class and the 37 to 45 class will receive questionnaires or be classified until the work of classifying the 19 to 36 class is completed, nor will any of these two classes be called until the supply of 19 to 36 men has been exhausted.

Of the 13,000,000 to be registered, Gen. Crowder said 3,000,000 between the ages of 18 and 20 inclusive will be included in the class permitted to go to college to train as student soldiers.

THE TELEGRAPH outside of Lee county is \$5.00 a year. In Lee and adjoining counties the subscription is \$4.00 a year.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE DIXON NATIONAL BANK

In the State of Illinois, at the Close of Business on August 31, 1918.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, including rediscounts	\$758,588.41	\$ 758,588.41
Overdrafts		725.59
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged to secure U. S. deposits (par value)	5,000.00	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged to secure postal savings deposits (par value)	2,000.00	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged	100,500.00	207,500.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, 3 1/2, 4, and 4 1/2 per cent, unpledged	64,350.00	64,350.00
Bonds (other than U. S. bonds) pledged to secure postal savings deposits	12,000.00	
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged	295,456.78	307,456.78
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)		6,000.00
Value of banking house	60,000.00	60,000.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		7,805.62
Postal reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		75,378.54
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	118,213.93	68,670.52
Net amounts due from banks, bankers, and trust companies		45,305.87
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank		4,237.54
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank, and other cash items		566.04
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
War Savings Certificates and Thrift Stamps actually owned		65.40
Total		\$1,611,550.32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		\$ 100,000.00
Surplus fund		100,000.00
Undivided profits	\$ 80,079.73	
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	5,105.06	74,974.67
Amount reserved for taxes accrued		4,000.00
Circulating notes outstanding		100,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check		553,079.34
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)		315,915.55
Total or demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve	868,994.89	3,843.70
Postal savings deposits		354,737.06
Other time deposits	358,580.76	
Total of time deposits subject to Reserve		
Other United States deposits, including deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	5,000.00	5,000.00
Total		\$1,611,550.32

State of Illinois, County of Lee, ss:

I, A. P. Armington, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. P. ARMINGTON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1918.

JAMES B. LENNON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

J. C. AYERS.

S. S. Dodge.

Directors.

CORRECTION.

The names of the parties in a divorce suit coming up at the fall term of court should be Clara A. Riggs vs. Thomas A. Riggs, instead of another spelling, as recently published. The error was a typographical one.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Alexander are in Chicago.

WILLIAM ROOT NOW IN FRANCE

Word has been received that William Root, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Root of Fourth street, has arrived safe overseas, with his contingent, the 34th infantry. Will is a member of the headquarters company of that regiment.

LICENSED TO WED.

County Clerk Dimick has issued marriage licenses to the following parties:

Harry L. Case, Paw Paw; Elsie Fisher, Paw Paw.

Fred E. Schoaf, Harmon; Pearl May Warner, Harmon.

GEO. LEFEVRE ON HIGH SEAS

Mr. and Mrs. Lee LeFevre of Palmyra have received word that their son, George E. LeFevre, is on the sea bound for somewhere in France. He left the states on Friday.



Fashion And Thrift Point To These Fall Displays

In a season of run-a-way markets our display of Fall apparel and merchandise sharply emphasizes the unusual power of our centralized 18 store buying. New modes of merchandise so hard to get are here in ample selections, and the values offered challenge duplication by any other store. Prices are bound to advance, merchandise is sure to be scarce, not in months but in days. So disregard former customs and meet your fall needs now.

Coats of Utility and Style

You'll Like the New Suits

Popular Autumn Dress Modes

They possess such youthful and manly lines, in keeping with the spirit of the times. The finest fabrics are used in the making. Smart belt effects and cozy button-up collars, relieve the severity of the tailoring.

Wooltex Suits are priced at \$37.50, \$39.50, \$45.00, \$50.00 up to \$65.00.

Outing Flannels and Flannelettes

Interesting Blouse Values

The soft downy flannels, and the highly colored flannelettes, so much desired for cooler days, are here in a range of splendid patterns, many will be impossible to duplicate later.

Priced at 25c, 29c, 35c to 48c.

Priced at \$3.95, \$5.00, \$7.50 to \$12.50.

PERSHING PATRIOTS

Here is a chance for signal recognition of an opportunity to back up those brave boys at the front, who have gone forth to defend YOUR rights and liberties.

The Army's Leader, John J. Pershing's, birthday is Friday, September 13th. Make it a lucky Friday, the 13th, by buying W. S. S. and sign the Honor Roll. It will be sent across to General Pershing.

BUY THESE OF

O. H. MARTIN & CO.

DIXON ILLINOIS



:- DOC! :-

By HAROLD TITUS
AUTHOR OF "TO THE VICTOR"

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company

CHAPTER V.

"Well, if He Ain't a Beau!"

No word was spoken, no movement made by those who stood beside Hardy. He had been brought there; his eyes told him the rest, and with a quick movement he threw off his poncho and unbuttoned his coat. "I'll want a lot of water," he said half absently as he rolled back his cuffs and leaned over the bed.

"Doc—it's gougung' my back," the man complained in a low, thin whisper; and, puzzaled, the doctor put his hands beneath the inert form and turned it over. A heavy sob escaped Sears' lips.

After a moment the physician straightened.

"Went in below the clavicle, through to the back, and struck down," he muttered. Then, to the others: "How about that hot water? I'll need a lot of it, and I'll probably want help, too. The bullet's right under the skin in his back here, and I guess we'll go after it now."

They moved then. The man who had let Hardy into the house stepped softly to the stove and threw in more wood. His movements were unconsciously cautious, as though stealth had characterized his living for years. He was of uncertain age.

A heavy, brown beard covered his chin and hid his throat. The shoulders were stooped, but not necessarily with age; for they proclaimed a brand of bodily strength even in their posture.

The man called Sam picked up the pail and went out, listening a moment before opening the door. He was the one who had stood at the corner of the triangle and guarded the movements of Sears with a rifle, and about his person was always the same alertness, the same air of preparation for what might come that had so impressed Hardy when he looked down on the attempt on the bank hours before.

The third—he who had guided the doctor on the long ride—walked close to the physician and stood there, looking grimly at the paraphernalia of surgery arrayed on the rickety table.

He was swarthy, with a month's black beard about his bright-red lips. His eyes were glittering, hard, cunning, cruel, and in his thin neck and narrow shoulders and flat chest was something of the nervous recklessness that made him of the sort to ride with Bart Sears.

The wounded man lay still except for an occasional quiver or moan.

Hardy made his preparations deftly, without wasted words, with few looks even, at those about him.

He had banished from his mind all

thought except that which related directly to the work in hand, and his utter absorption in the practise of his craft alone made him dominate; for to those assembled the welfare of Bart Sears was of an importance far beyond any which can be rated in expressed values.

Twice Hardy called on the others to help him move the unconscious figure on which he worked, and each time after they had given their assistance he ordered them away with an unequivocal sharpness which, besides sending them promptly into the shadows and out of his way, made them understand that this chap was in some way beyond their experience, quite different from any they had ever encountered—and secretly each of the three wondered about him.

The task progressed; the night aged. The man in whose cabin the bandits had sought refuge stood behind the stove smoking a pipe, removing the stem from his lips, and holding it in his hands for long intervals while he watched the soft fingers of Ellis Hardy manipulate the wound.

Sam Devort leaned against the rough wall of the log house, motionless, as though hypnotized by the physician's nimble movements. The other, who was addressed as Texas, sat on a backless chair, elbows on his knees, opening and closing a knife with one thin hand.

On him Ellis Hardy turned, straightening slowly to ease the muscles of his back; then, squaring his shoulders as though in relief at gaining a desired point, he said:

"That's all I can do for the time being. I'll stay here an hour more and watch him. But I have something to say to you."

He fairly snapped out the words and walked toward Texas with menacing intent.

The outlaw looked up as though astounded, for the manner of speech was unmistakably aggressive.

"You lied to me! You lied!" sternly, as though he tried to keep passion from his voice.

"You told me that you wanted me to come here and care for your wife. Instead of that you bring me here to care for Bart Sears—a man wanted for murder and highway robbery, a man who is being hunted by this whole reservation."

He had stopped with intension. As he finished speaking he straightened and every line of his figure bristled indignation.

"It was my place to come," he went on. "I wouldn't refuse help to a yellow dog! But you tricked me—more than that, you lied!"

His voice fell again as though the accusation were the worst he could make against a fellow men.

"Why couldn't you be honest with me? You were going to give me your confidence anyhow by bringing me

contempt straight at the fellow—and Texas looked almost shocked.

This man would not be frightened. He would not grant that those three who were in the room with him had any qualities that might warrant hesitation in opposing them.

And they were accustomed to awe, to a fevered willingness to do their bidding, to a readiness to agree in their voiced opinions. But this man would none of it. He was himself unafraid—and yet only a soft-handed young chap from an Eastern city.

Then followed his detailed directions for caring for Sears, cautions, once or twice a gentle plea; and: "Well, that's all for tonight. Who's to show me the way home?"

Texas shut his knife and rose slowly. "Put on your slicker, doc, an' we'll be goin'," he said, without looking at Hardy.

Hour after hour it seemed, they rode without a word. The night was a trifle less black, but objects were undistinguishable even beside the track they followed.

Hardy was worn out, but sleep did not make his eyes heavy, for his mind sped furiously.

He went over the work he had done step by step, questioning himself to be sure that he had made no slip, that he had left nothing undone that might prove a handicap for his patient; and all the while he was trying to realize the situation in which that night's events had placed him. With all his efforts he could summon no fear, no concern.

It was well toward dawn when they rode into the Indian camp at the edge of the town, and Texas pulled his rangy horse to a stop.

"I'll leave you here, doc; you can find your way in now. You—want your money?"

"Who's mentioned money?" the doctor asked sharply.

"I'll go out again tonight. You'll come in after me?"

The man hesitated.

"I'd rather not come into town, doc. I'll meet you here — eight o'clock."

For a bare instant Hardy pondered before answering:

"Eight o'clock—good."

He turned his horse toward town and rode on, suddenly tired and irritable, and Texas sat on his big horse watching him go, forearms crossed on his saddle-horn.

After the sounds of Hardy's travel had died out the outlaw muttered:

"Well, if he ain't a beau—that, or else close to a fool!"

He pressed a spur to his horse's side and the animal, whirling about, set off up the road.

CHAPTER VI.

Suspicions.

Hardy walked down the street toward his office next morning with a strange mingling of emotions.

A week before he had come to this community and wondered at its innermost secrets; now, this bright, mellow winter day, he was involved in the heart of its most knotty enigma!

A posse was searching for the wounded Sears and his followers, and he, Hardy, was one of the handful who knew their hiding place!

Another brand of man would have been fearful of possible results, for he seemed keenly the retribution which might be wreaked upon him should he disclose information to those who hunted; but, though realizing, the young doctor wasted no thought on such remote consequences, such remote consequences,

no more, no less.

So long as he needed aid, Hardy would give it, and, in giving it, his lips were sealed. Low as were the men of the bandit trio, he held their confidence sacred; great as was their menace in the community his hands were tied until his relationship with them became less binding.

He loathed Sears and his ilk, yet he would have held himself even better had he considered the possibility of violating the trust that they had reposed in him, cloaked at first though it was with a ruse, backed by a lie. He had accepted the situation now he would see it through.

"But there's a time coming to you, Mr. Sears," he said, speaking half aloud under the strength of his conviction, "when you'll do well to let most anybody else know where you skulk!"

His mind had reproduced again that picture of the day before: the dripping clouds, the black mire of the streets, the three men—and behind it all the great greed which drove them to that defiance of consequences, that ruthless risk of lives not theirs to offer up. It sickened him!

"Oh, Dr. Hardy!"

He turned sharply at Ruth Mitchell's hail and took off his hat.

She did not respond to his conventional pleasantries. She looked tired as she approached, eyes light circled, cheeks pale, shoulders a trifle weary.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked.

"What news may this be? Not as unpleasant as yesterday's we'll hope!"

"Maybe—not—but the result—You see, Walter—Mr. Kennedy, you know—met a man last evening who said he had seen three men riding hard across the prairie south of town early last evening. Dad and the others are off that way now; it was the first clue of any sort that came to them."

At mention of Kennedy's name he felt an unreasoning, dull resentful rise, for it refreshed the memory that rumor had this girl pledged to the fellow; but that feeling was wiped out when Ruth came to a halt before him and he looked down into her great eyes to see the sharp trouble there. Her voice was flat and unenthusiastic; she looked strangely weak and alone, as though in need of a protector.

"Well, we will wish them luck, won't we," he said, scarcely conscious of the words.

She dropped her gaze then and streaked absentmindedly the slim nose of the

greyhound which had followed and stood motionless beside her.

She nodded, as though with difficulty.

"We must—for the sake of the country, I guess. But it's—it's hard when it is your own, you know, doctor. My father—it is his duty, but it's hard to think that those we love best must—

"And Sears is such a force to be reckoned with!" She broke off sharply, speaking rapidly to keep back the tears. "He's a great character gone wrong, and those are the kind that are dangerous!"

"Great character!" Hardy exclaimed in astonishment.

"Of course," she said, dabbing at her eyes with a bit of handkerchief.

"Just because a man is bad need not detract from his strength need it? We've been thinking for so many generations that strength went only with goodness that we've come to accept it as a truth—until we think—

"Well, Ruth, I see you're occupied!"

She stopped talking at the question and both turned to watch the approach of Walter Kennedy.

Again Hardy felt that unreasoning dislike for the man come up within him.

"You two have met haven't you, Walter?" the girl asked, looking from one to the other.

Kennedy surveyed the doctor coldly.

"Yes, I have had the pleasure," he said with a pause and emphasis to the word that could be nothing but irony.

The doctor felt a slow flush stealing up into his neck.

He tried to catch the other's eye, but it would not meet his, kept itself close on the girl's face.

"You shouldn't be here, Ruth," Kennedy said complainingly, yet with a certain kindness in his tone. "I don't believe you slept a wink all night. You must go home now and lie down."

His air of proprietorship nettled Hardy strangely and he was glad when the girl said:

"Don't be foolish, Walter! I couldn't get sleep today either, until—her voice caught and with a visible effort she went on—"until I hear from dad again."

He dismissed all this from his mind when they arrived at the ranch. In the moonlight the house and the barn off in the trees looked ghastly; the logs had bleached to a luminous gray and the mud chinking showed dead white between them.

Hardy had half expected to find Sears suffering with a hopeless infection and was surprised to see him in reasonably good shape, considering the nature of the wound and the physical environment.

He stood looking down at the man with a scrutinizing, boring gaze, for the first time thinking of the outlaw as other than a patient.

Surely, resolution showed in that mouth, firm even in desperate sickness, and the chin below it was the sort that knows no turning. The gray, flat eyes looking up at the doctor were of the inscrutable sort which betray nothing, which defy analysis of the thought which transpires behind them.

After we've thought Kiheka was solidly arrayed against outlaws, she went on, "but, after the attempt on the bank yesterday, they told that they were carrying \$25,000 extra in their safe—Indian money left over from the quarterly payment in December. No one outside the bank and its stockholders was supposed to know, but some one did—and some one passed the word to Bart Sears!"

"Oh, come along, Ruth! You need the rest," Kennedy urged, and in his manner was something strange, something not genuine, Hardy thought.

"Don't be impatient, Walter," she protested.

"But are you sure?" the doctor asked when Kennedy settled back, eyes averted. "Isn't it possible that he just happened along?"

"Big outlaws don't just happen along. He would never have risked that work for the amount the bank ordinarily carries. Some one knew; some one told. And that some one is right here in town!"

Hardy, looking down and rubbing his chin in perplexity, saw Kennedy's one knee give a violent quiver; he looked up and found the man's black, beady eyes on him, glaring from the pale mask of his thin, white face. Just that brief contact of glances, but it the doctor read hate, deep rooted and bitter.

The doctor has heard all this probably," he said, in a gruff voice, and Hardy was urged to blurt out a protest at his attitude. "It does you no good to be continually talking about this thing! You'd better go home, Ruth!"

He shifted his feet and cleared his throat, evidently roused to a high pitch of nervousness.

"Perhaps it would be wise," she murmured, and again her voice was dry, without resonance, and once more the dire trouble showed in her eyes.

Hardy backed away a pace and removed his hat again. He was about to speak when Kennedy, who had turned his shoulder, looked up at the smiling sky and said:

"It's fairer weather now, doctor. Your night work won't be quite so difficult from now on, will it?"

He looked back with that in those beady eyes was a triumphant leer. Hardy saw the girl turn away, heard her words, knew that he mimed something in return; then found himself standing alone, a victim of fleeting forebodings.

Throughout the day he moved about with mind elsewhere than on his work. Had that thrust been a shot in the dark? Had it been meaningless? Or did Kennedy know that the new doctor worked to keep Bart Sears alive? If he knew, why did he keep quiet?

Those and a host of other questions crowded one another through his consciousness.

Not that discovery would matter to him. His hands were clean, for he had followed the path of duty as he saw it.

The insinuation, the bearing of the other when he made that reference to night work—those were the things which rubbed!

And back of it all was his growing dislike of the man—at first instinctive and now stirred by Kennedy's bearing.

"Perhaps he's so jealous of her—"

he began, his reasoning breaking into words; then stood stock-still, thinking of the girl, her helplessness and her pitiable concern.

That evening he again rode out of town and through the Indian camp.

The clouds had been completely routed by the brisk wind and a moon

gave him light.

In the shadow of a building he saw

a deeper blotch and heard the muffled stamp of a horse. He rode on, abreast of the blotch; it moved, divided.

The rangy horse which Texas

had ridden the night before came toward him, and another, quick of movement, set off toward town at a long lope. The figure of its rider was of familiar outline; Hardy thought it was an Indian.

The two exchanged salutations and Hardy asked after his patient.

Then they rode silently, the doctor thinking of many things.

"What direction from town is the ranch?" he asked.

"North—and a little west."

And again the doctor mused.

Telegraph Want Ads

FOR 25 WORDS OR MORE

1c a Word for 2 Times
3c a Word a Week 6 Times
5c a Word Two Weeks 12 Times
9c a Word a Month 26 Times

Rates for Locals (a line a day) 5 cents
Card of Thanks 50 cents
Reading Notices, per line 10 and 20 cents
(according to position)

WANTED

FOR RENT

WANTED. We pay highest market price for rags, rubber, iron, hides, wool and paper stock. Also junk and second hand automobiles. Will call for your orders promptly. Your business greatly appreciated. Always call Phone 81. J. Sinow, Dixon, Ill. 481.

WANTED. All kinds of junk, wool, hides, etc. Full market price paid. Doing business with me means more money for you. Telephone 85. S. W. Rubenstein, Junk Yards at \$15 Highland Ave. 95tf

JOB PRINTING and will give you an estimate at any time on any job. Call phone No. 5.

WANTED. Men. Apply at the American Wagon Co. factory. 165 tf

WANTED. Men. Steady employment and good wages. Borden's Condensed Milk Co. 178 30

WANTED—Business men who are in need of ledgers, cash books, day books, etc., to call No. 5 and make an appointment with our special representative who will be here in a few days with a full sample line of the above. B. F. Shaw Ptg. Co., Dixon, Ill.

WANTED MALE OR FEMALE—Government civil service examinations Dixon in September. Government clerk, railway mail, teacher, immigrant inspector, typewriter, research clerk, salary \$1200-\$2000. Experience unnecessary. Men, women desiring government positions write for free particulars, J. C. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 97 Kenois Building, Washington. 204-16*

\$2.50 PER DAY paid one lady in each town to distribute free circulars for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. F. E. Barr Co., 422 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. 208-t4*

WANTED—Dish washer at Colonial restaurant. 208-t2

WANTED—A girl or woman for general housework in family of two. Enquire of Mrs. I. B. Countryman, 604 West First street. 208-t2*

WANTED—Light one-horse wagon. Fred Whippman, 1106 Walnut St. Phone Y-757. 208t2*

WANTED—Furnished house or apartment of 5 or 6 rooms. Tel. 42111, ask for Mrs. Miller. 208t6*

WANTED—3 or 4 heated furnished house-keeping rooms near Central school, south side, for the winter. Will furnish rug and bed linen. Call X-879. 208-t2

BROWN SHOE CO.
Women and Girls wanted to learn Shoe making. Steady work, good pay. Free Nursery for children.

Send the Evening Telegraph to your soldier boy. It is as good as a letter from home.

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

To-morrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation, or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and refresh the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Lime-stone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.

FOR SALE—A farm near Dixon, with good pasture. Will take Liberty Bonds. Address John Schroeder, 201 L. Third St., Sterling, Ill. 202tf

If you have anything to sell, try a classified ad in the Dixon Evening Telegraph. 25 words 2 times for 25 cents, 4 times for 50 cents or 6 times for 75 cents.

FOR SALE—120-acre farm, 2 miles north of Woosung. 75 acres under cultivation, balance pasture. Good buildings. A. F. Dillman, Dixon, Route 1, phone 9310. 207tf

FOR SALE—Boy's overcoat, 15 year size. New. Price \$8.00. Tele. phone K-939. 208-t2

I SOLOMONLY SWARE
THAT I WONT EAT NO
MORE ICE CREAM WHAT'S
MAID WITH SUGAR NOR
NO MORE CANDY WHAT'S
MAID WITH SUGAR.
HONEST AN TROO-
CROSS MY HART.
AMEN!



AN HEROIC SACRIFICE.

POLO NEWS ITEMS

The polo school began its work Monday with the following teachers:

Superintendent—J. D. Knight.

Principal—Mathematics and English—Miss Nell Clark.

Commercial—Miss Faye Miller.

History—Miss Rose Nath.

Science—Miss Mary Felter.

Music and Art—Miss Helen Reeves.

Latin and French—Miss Pearl C. Worden.

Manual Training—Lemuel Osterhoudt.

First grade—Mrs. Grace Jackola.

Second grade—Miss Claire Yawger.

Third grade—Miss Mildred Mason.

Fourth grade—Miss Lucile Chapman.

Fifth grade—Miss Lottie Davidson.

Sixth grade—Miss Lotta Lyman.

Seventh grade—Miss Ruth Wolberg.

Eighth grade—Miss Mabel Pollock.

Miss Alta McPherson is spending her two weeks' vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McPherson of this city.

Mrs. Hazel Hull has entered training at St. Anthony's hospital, Rockford, while her husband is at war.

Mrs. Harry Barnes passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Warren Roberts, Monday morning, at 4 o'clock. The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon at the Roberts home.

Rev. John Heckman, Mr. and Mrs. Price Heckman, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Blow of Waterloo, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Slifer motored to Camp Grant Friday.

Mrs. McCorbs and children of Dixon spent a few days of last week with Ed Love and family.

Mrs. Charles O'Kane and son, Russell, are spending a few days with Freeport relatives.

Mrs. George Bracker and niece, Miss Nellie Foley, are spending a week with friends in Calumet, Ill.

Mrs. Dorsey Blow of Waterloo, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. James Mayborn, Mrs. Hale Scott, Mrs. Arthur Stoner and Mrs. Elmer Reed were among those who attended the meeting of the Thimble club Wednesday with Mrs. Riley German of Forreston.

Elbert Burns who has been in Michigan for the past few weeks has returned home.

Miss Dorothy Edwards of Chicago who has been spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. J. Brand, left Saturday for her home.

Mrs. Richards of Oregon spent Friday at the Ben Ringer home.

Con Horrigan of Bloomington spent a few days of last week with friends here.

Mrs. C. E. Quaco of Woosung spent Thursday with Polo relatives.

Miss Ada Bowers was a Freeport shopper Thursday.

Mrs. William Lyon who has been sick at the St. Francis hospital at Freeport is home.

Miss Lucy Albright was a Freeport shopper Thursday.

Private John Smith of Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex., is home for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Marschang went to Freeport Monday, where Mr. Marschang will submit to an operation.

Miss Lida Sprecher of Mt. Morris spent last week with her uncle, Ben Good and family.

Miss Dossie Wisner spent the past two weeks with her brother, John, of Sterling.

Mrs. Emma Hildebrand and daughters, Mrs. Margaret Judson and Mrs. E. S. Thomas motored to Freeport Monday.

Ruth Beck went to Oregon Sunday evening where she will teach the Reed school this year.

Mrs. Anna Strock of Freeport was a visitor here last week.

Mrs. George F. Swartz and Mrs. W. and Ada Moll.

J. Zipsie of Freeport were week end guests of M. H. Higley and family. Melvin Rucker of Rockford spent Sunday with his parents.

George Donaldson and Reeve Strock who are employed in Rockford spent Sunday with their parents.

Clark Philip of Omaha, Neb., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. B. H. Kroh and son Harry spent Monday with Haldane relatives.

Day Welty is seriously ill at his home. His father, Frank Welty, of Iowa is here.

Mark Summers of Rockford spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. A. T. Owen went to Decatur Saturday evening where she met her son, Wayne, who has been visiting relatives in Indiana.

Mrs. George Beck was a Freeport shopper Saturday.

Mrs. S. S. Landis spent Saturday in Freeport.

Mrs. Gene Kramer left Saturday for Madison, Wis., where she was called by the sickness of her mother.

Miss Janet Speppard of Cedar Rapids spent last week with relatives here.

Miss Margery Needy spent Saturday in Freeport.

Misses Kathryn and Maggie Mallery were visitors in Freeport Saturday.

Miss Ellen Bowers was a Freeport shopper Thursday.

Mrs. L. A. Adair of Woosung spent Thursday at the Jane Sword home.

Mrs. Harry Typer and Mrs. William Typer were Freeport visitors Friday.

Mrs. Frank Gunder spent Friday in Freeport.

Miss Goldie Strauss spent Thursday evening with friends here.

Mrs. Harold Sheller of Dixon was a visitor here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Becker left Friday for Esmond, S. D., for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. George Riggs was a visitor in Freeport Thursday.

Mrs. Oscar Camery spent Thursday in Freeport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Messner spent Thursday in Freeport.

Mrs. Gertrude Tschopp attended the funeral of Solomon Tschopp of Forreston Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hepner of Marquette, Ia., were visitors here last week.

Mrs. David Gilbert and granddaughter, Harriet Frey, spent Thursday in Freeport.

Miss Helen Good of Haldane spent Thursday morning here.

Miss Cornelia Clopper went to Chicago Thursday.

Mrs. Oscar Rahn of Chadwick who has been seriously ill for several weeks is much improved.

Mrs. R. O. Greig and son, Lewis, of Rockford who have been visiting her sister, Mrs. O. Rahn of Chadwick spent several hours here Wednesday.

Miss Emma Smith was a visitor in Sterling Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Watts who have been visiting friends at Seward returned home Wednesday evening.

William Schell, Jr., attended a meeting of the Bankers at Springfield last week.

Ed O'Kane transacted business in Freeport Thursday.

Mrs. Isaac Brand was a Freeport visitor Thursday.

OFFICIAL FOOD PRICES FOR LEE COUNTY

	Cost o Dealer	Metailer's Profit
Flour	\$1.00 per bbl.	60c to 1.25
sugar, granulated	.80 per cwt.	1 to 2c per lb.
Navy beans	.14 per lb.	2 to 4c per lb.
Lima beans, per lb.	.14 1-2 to 15c	1 to 2c per lb.
Milk, evaporated	.61 per case	1 to 2c per can
Milk, condensed	.84 per case	1 to 2c per can
Pure lard, per lb.	.28	4 to 6c per lb.
Lard compounds, per lb.	.24c	4 to 6c per lb.
Bacon, per lb.	.8 1-4 to 41c	4 to 8c per lb.
Butterine, per lb.	.25 to .30 1-2c	8 to 50c per lb.
	extra for salting	
Corn meal, per lb.	.4 1-2	8-4 to 1-1-2c per lb.
Prunes, per lb.	.1 to 16c	2 to 40 per lb.
Rice, per lb.	.8 to 16c	2 to 4c per lb.
Pink salmon, per doz.	.2.0 to .2.15	2 to 5c per can
Red salmon, per doz.	.2.6 to .2.80	2 to 5c per can
Creamery butter, per lb.	.5	8 to 7c per lb.
Cheese, brick or cream, per lb.	.2 to .25	4 to 9c per lb.
Eggs, fresh	.2	4 to 8c per doz.

GREAT IDEA FAILED TO WORK

Might Have Been All Right But for Unfortunate Happening Inventor Could Not Foresee.

Better Buy Than Build

Building houses these days is mighty expensive business.

We have a number of houses already built that can be bought at the right prices.

Some of the owners live elsewhere, some want to trade their large houses for small, small for large, or for suburban homes, and some suburban homes can be exchanged for city property. One party we have in mind wants to exchange a \$3,000.00 Dixon home for an 80-acre farm within 5 or 6 miles of Dixon, Polo, Franklin Grove or Ashton and pay the difference in cash.

We have suburban homes with $\frac{1}{2}$ acre, 1 acre, $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres and up to 23 acres at reasonable prices.

Renters will probably never have better chances to buy homes RIGHT than right now. We have homes from \$800.00 up, and some of them can be bought with small payments down.

In Business Here Since 1892

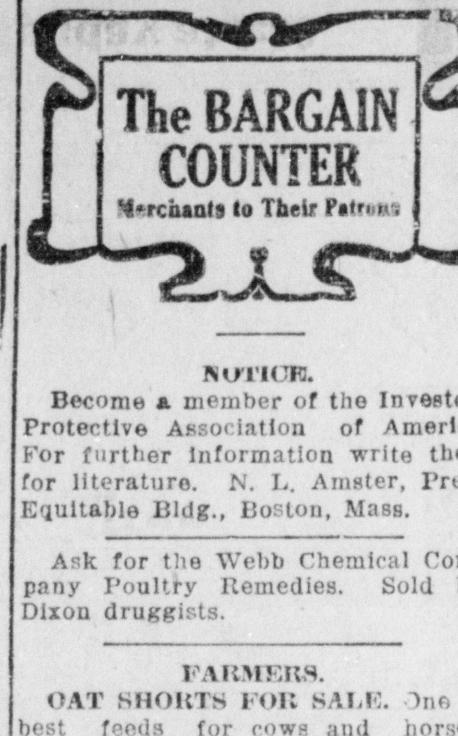
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Clothes Made to Your Measure--

at extremely LOW PRICES.
Agency for the City Tailors.
Fit and satisfaction guaranteed

The EXCHANGE
Trautman & Manges, Props.
723 Depot Ave. Phone 557

If you have rooms to rent put a "For Rent" ad in the Evening Telegraph, the paper with the largest circulation of any paper in Lee Co.

**FIGURES ON OX VICTORY****CHICAGO.**

	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Flack, rf	2	1	0	1	0	0
Hollocher, ss	3	2	3	2	5	0
Mann, If	3	0	1	2	0	0
Paskert, cf	3	0	1	3	0	0
Merle, 1b	3	0	1	11	1	0
Pick, 2b	4	0	1	4	3	0
Deal, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
Killefer, c	4	0	0	4	0	0
Vaughn, p	4	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	30	3	7	27	12	0

FARMERS.

OAT SHORTS FOR SALE. One of best feeds for cows and horses. Universal Oats Company. 10¢/lb

LAND

Any one wishing to buy a farm in Dakota at a bargain should communicate with Wadsworth Land Co., Langdon, N. D.

NOTICE.

Ladies' engraved calling cards, wedding invitations, or announcements can be purchased of the B. F. Shaw Ptg. Co.

PEACHES.

Fine big shipment now on hand. Get them now for canning. Bowe's Fruit Store, 93 Hennepin Ave. 20¢/lb

Commercial Morals Low in Japan.

China, for long centuries a highly developed nation, has an elaborate code of commercial ethics. Japan, on the other hand, which is a nation comparatively new to civilization, is not so scrupulous, says a writer in System. He continues:

"In Japan they say a contract is never a settled thing, whereas in China it is absolutely binding. The Japanese admit they have no traditions in trade, and the average Japanese merchant is firmly convinced that if he orders goods today, and the market declines before they arrive, he does perfectly right to refuse them. Banks in Japan recognize this trait in Japanese character. There is no such thing as lending money to a man on his personal note."

CARPET WEAVING

A. C. LEASE
124 E. First St., Dixon, Ill.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
STERLING

Friday, Sept. 13

**JIM VAUGHN FINALLY COPPED FOR HIS CUBS**

Chicago Victorious 3 To 0
In Fifth Game of the
World's Series

WAS WHALE OF A GAME

Boston, Mass., Sept. 10—Under the sinister shadow of the dollar sign which would have killed professional baseball in another year if the war had not already done so, Chicago's Cubs defeated Boston's Red Sox today in the fifth game of eternity's last world's series by score of 3 to 0, making it necessary for the Huber men to win another game to cop the long end of the coin.

The contest was held up for more than an hour by a strike of the players, who demanded more money for their world's series endeavors than the national commission's rules allotted them.

The principal objection of the players was to the arrangements which would give members of the teams which finished second in both leagues almost as much coin as the losers in the world's series. Finally the Red Sox and Cubs gave in after the national commission stood pat and gave them to understand they must play today's game or get nothing at all out of the series.

Play of a Game.

In spite of the wrangle over the pennies on the corpse's eyes, the two teams went out almost without preliminary practice and played a whale of a game before a crowd of more than 24,000 folks.

Jim Vaughn finally came into his own by achieving a victory after two previous hard luck defeats. He shut out the Red Sox with only five hits, and one of those would have been an error if the national commission would appoint an official scorer who knew baseball.

Vaughn pitched a wonderful game and was backed by sensational support which was absolutely perfect until the two were out in the last half of the ninth inning. Then a fumble by Hollocher was recorded officially as a base hit, probably because it did not figure in the result.

Sam Jones Swatted 7 Times.

Sam Jones opposed Vaughn on the slab and was hit for seven swats which were real ones, and was given whirlwind support by his pals. He was unsteady at times, and his bases on balls gave the Cubs the hole through which they pulled the victory which kept Boston from claiming the world's pennant tonight.

Hollocher led in the swatting with three hits and a walk in four trips to the plate and registered two of Chicago's three runs. But the two doubles whaled out by Mann and Paskert were the real bread winners. Defensively, Flack, Hollocher and Mann were the Cub stars, and Whiteman and Scott for the Red Sox.

Attendance Figures.

Figures on the total attendance for the five games are:

Paid attendance 113,245

Total receipts \$159,824.00

Players' share 69,527.70

Each club's share 37,156.95

Commission's share 15,578.40

In the first five games last year the attendance was 152,785 and the receipts \$352,162.

"MY SOLDIER GIRL."
An early coming attraction to the Academy of Music, Sterling, Friday, Sept. 13, promises latent patriotism—if there be any such in this community—such a stirring up as has not been experienced here since the addition.

Boys, 18 years and over, subject to draft, cannot make voluntary enlistment nor select their branch of service except they qualify in such a Students Army Training Corps. In fact it is the way open at this time for voluntary entrance into the military establishment.

Parents who are ambitious that their boys do their patriotic duty and still not give up everything looking toward after-war life, will get valuable information by addressing inquiry to Colleges who have qualified to carry on this work of the War Department. One which is close enough to Dixon to be of interest is the Millikin University of Decatur, Illinois, where a large unit is to be enlisted by October 1st. Several hundred applications have already been received for enrollment at this University, and more are coming in rapidly. Ample accommodations will be provided for all qualified students who apply. To be admitted, however, application should be made at once.

Power of the Old Song.

Consider the old song. Immediately all the things that make up the present existence fade into dim obscurity and for a while, for the duration of the melody at least, we live in glory of the song and its association.

One thing has remained the same and that is the song. The years have made no change in the beauty or the meaning of that. In the face of the constant change and activities which mean man's existence and the world's progress, the song has remained the same.

With the keen insight of human nature, authors have been appreciative of the power of the haunting melody, and have made it the theme of their work.

WANTED TO FARMS BUY**NICE EATING POTATOES**

Will pay this week—
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